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THE BEQUEST OF  
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OF NEW YORK

1918





**KING RICHARD III.**

**A**

**TRAGEDY,**

**IN FIVE ACTS;**

**BY**

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.**

**AS PERFORMED AT**

**THE THEATRES ROYAL**

**IN**

**DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN**



**London:**

**PUBLISHED BY T. HUGHES,**

**35, LUDGATE-STREET;**

**AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.**

\*\*\*\*\*

**1823.**

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**PERSONS REPRESENT**

KING HENRY,  
PRINCE OF WALES,  
DUKE OF YORK,  
DUKE OF GLOSTER,  
BUCKINGHAM,  
RICHMOND,  
NORFOLK,  
RATCLIFF,  
CATESBY,  
TRESSEL,  
OXFORD,  
PEMBROKE,  
STANLEY,  
LORD MAYOR,  
TIRREL,  
BLUNT,  
BRACKENBURY,  
LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER  
FOREST,  
DIGHTON.

QUEEN ELIZABETH,  
DUCHESS OF YORK,  
LADY ANNE.

*Gentlemen, Ladies, Guards, and Attendants*

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THE BEQUEST OF  
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Love Lane, Little Eastcheap

# KING RICHARD III.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden in the Tower. Enter* **LIEUTENANT**  
*and* **OFFICER.**

*Licut.* Has King Henry walk'd forth this morning?

*Off.* No, sir; but it is near his hour.

*Licut.* At any time, when you see him here,  
Let no stranger into the garden;  
I would not have him stared at—See, who's that,  
Now cut'ring at the gate. [Knocking within.]

*Off.* Sir, the Lord Stanley.

*Licut.* Leave me— [Exit Officer.]

*Enter* **LORD STANLEY.**

My noble lord, you're welcome to the Tower:  
I heard last night you late arrived with news  
Of Edward's victory to his joyful queen.

*Stanley.* Yes, sir; and I am proud to be the man,  
That first brought home the last of civil broils:  
The houses now of York and Lancaster,  
Like bloody brothers, fighting for a birthright,  
No more shall wound the parent, that would part them:  
Edward now sits secure on England's throne.

*Licut.* Near Tewksbury, my lord, I think they fought;  
Has the enemy lost any men of note?

*Stanley.* Sir, I was posted home,  
Ere an account was taken of the slain:  
But, as I left the field, a proclamation,  
From the king, was made in search of Edward,  
Son to your prisoner, King Henry the Sixth,  
Which gave reward to those discovering him,  
And him his life, if he'd surrender.

*Licut.* That brave young prince, I fear, 's unlike his fa-  
ther,

Too high of heart, to brook submissive life:  
This will be heavy news to Henry's ear,  
For on this battle's cast his all was set.

*Stanley.* King Henry and ill fortune are familiar;  
He ever threw with an indifferent hand,  
But never yet was known to lose his patience.  
How does he pass the time in his confinement?

*Licut.* As one whose wishes never reach'd a crown.  
The king seems dead in him—but, as a man,  
He sighs sometimes in want of liberty.  
Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wishes,  
That fate had blessed him with an humbler birth,  
Not to have felt the falling from a throne.



*Stanley.* Were it not possible to see this king?  
They say, he'll freely talk with Edward's friends,  
And even treats them with respect and honour.

*Lieut.* This is his usual time of walking forth  
(For he's allow'd the freedom of the garden)  
After his morning prayer; he seldom fails;  
Behind this arbour we, unseen, may stand  
Awhile to observe him. [*They*

*Enter KING HENRY.*

*K. Hen.* By this time the decisive blow is struck;  
Either my queen and son are bless'd with victory,  
Or I'm the cause no more of civil broils.  
'Would I were dead, if Heaven's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and care?  
What noise and bustle do kings make to find it;  
When life's but a short chase, our game content,  
Which, most pursued, is most compell'd to fly;  
And he, that mounts him on the swiftest hope,  
Shall often run his courser to a stand;  
While the poor peasant, from some distant hill,  
Undanger'd and at ease, views all the sport,  
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

*Stanley.* He seems extremely moved.

*Lieut.* Does he know you?

*Stanley.* No; nor would I have him.

*Lieut.* We'll show ourselves. [*They come for*

*K. Hen.* Why, there's another check to proud ambition  
That man received his charge from me, and now  
I'm his pris'ner—he locks me to my rest.  
Such an unlook'd-for change who could suppose,  
That saw him kneel to kiss the hand that raised him  
But that I should not now complain of,  
Since I to that, 'tis possible, may owe  
His civil treatment of me—'Morrow, Lieutenant;  
Is any news arriv'd?—Who's that with you?

*Lieut.* A gentleman, that came last night express  
From Tewksbury—We've had a battle.

*K. Hen.* Comes he to me with letters, or advice?

*Lieut.* Sir, he's King Edward's officer, your foe.

*K. Hen.* Then he won't flatter me—You're well  
sir;

Not less because you are King Edward's friend,  
For I have almost learn'd myself to be so;  
Could I but once forget I was a king,  
I might be truly happy, and his subject.  
You've gain'd a battle: is't not so?

*Stanley.* We have, sir,—how, will reach your ear  
soon.

*K. Hen.* If to my loss, it can't too soon—pray, v  
For fear makes mischief greater than it is.  
My queen? my son? say, sir are they living?

*Stanley.* Since my arrival, sir, another post  
Came in, which brought us word, your queen and son  
Were prisoners now at Tewksbury.

*K. Hen.* Heav'n's will be done!—the hunter's have  
them now,

And I have only sighs and prayers to help them!

*Stanley.* King Edward, sir, depends upon his sword,  
Yet prays heartily when the battle's won;  
And soldiers love a bold and active leader.

Fortune, like women, will be close pursued;

The English are high-mettled, sir, and 'tis

No easy part to sit them well—King Edward

Feels their temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him

*K. Hen.* Alas! I thought them men, and rather hoped:

To win their hearts by mildness than severity.

My soul was never form'd for cruelty;

In my eyes, justice has seem'd bloody;

When, on the city gates, I have beheld

A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,

My blood has turn'd with horror at the sight:

I took them down, and buried, with his limbs,

The memory of the dead man's deeds.—Perhaps

That pity made me look less terrible,

Giving the mind of weak rebellion spirit;

For kings are put in trust for all mankind,

And when themselves take injuries, who is safe?

If so, I have deserved these frowns of fortune.

*Enter OFFICER.*

*Off.* Sir, here's a gentleman brings a warrant,

For his access to King Henry's presence.

*Lieut.* I come to him. *[Exit with Officer.]*

*Stanley.* His business may require your privacy;

I'll leave you, sir, wishing you all the good

That can be wish'd—not wronging him I serve. *[Exit.]*

*K. Hen.* Farewell!

Who can this be? a sudden coldness,

Like the damp hand of death, has seized my limbs:

I fear some heavy news!

*Enter LIEUTENANT.*

Who is it, good Lieutenant?

*Lieut.* A gentleman, sir, from Tewksbury: he seems

A melancholy messenger—for, when I ask'd

What news, his answer was a deep-fetch'd sigh:

I could not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter TRESSEL.*

*K. Hen.* Fatal indeed! his brow's the title-page,

That speaks the nature of a tragic volume.—

Say, friend, how does my queen? my son?

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness of thy cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,

But, in the end, (to stop my ear) /  
Thou hast a sigh, to blow away this praise,  
Ending with—queen and son, and all are dead.

*Tressel.* Your queen yet lives, and many of your  
But for my lord, your son——

*K. Hen.* Why, he is dead!—yet speak, I charge  
Tell thou thy master his suspicion lies,  
And I will take it as a kind disgrace,  
And thank thee well, for doing me such wrong.

*Tressel.* 'Would it were wrong to say; but, I  
fears are true.

*K. Hen.* Yet for all this, say not my son is dead

*Tressel.* Sir, I am sorry I must force you to  
Believe, what 'would to Heaven I had not seen!  
But in this last battle, near Tewksbury,  
Your son, whose active spirit lent a fire  
Ev'n to the dullest peasant in our camp,  
Still made his way, where danger stood to oppose  
A braver youth, of more courageous heat,  
Ne'er spurr'd his courser at the trumpet's sound.  
But who can rule the uncertain chance of war?  
In fine, King Edward won the bloody field,  
Where both your queen and son were made his pri-

*K. Hen.* Yet hold! for, oh! this prologue lets  
To a most fatal tragedy to come.

Died he a prisoner, say'st thou? how? by grief?  
Or by the bloody hands of those that caught him?

a bloody state I saw him on the earth,  
From whence, with life, he never more sprang up.

*K. Hen.* Oh! hadst thou stabb'd, at every word's deliverance,

Sharp poniards in my flesh, while this was told,  
Thy wounds had given less anguish than thy words.  
Oh, Heavens! methinks I see my tender lamb  
Gasping beneath the ravenous wolves' fell gripe!  
But say, did all—did they all strike him, say'st thou?

*Tressel.* All, sir; but the first wound Duke Richard gave.

*K. Hen.* There let him stop! be that his last of ills!  
Oh, barbarous set! un hospitable men!

Against the rigid laws of arms, to kill him!  
Was't not enough, his hope of birthright gone,  
But must your hate be levell'd at his life?

Nor could his father's wrongs content you?  
Nor could a father's grief dissuade the deed?

You have no children—butchers, if you had,  
The thought of them would sure have stirr'd remorse.

*Tressel.* Take comfort, sir, and hope a better day.

*K. Hen.* Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or wallow, naked, in December's snow,  
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat.

Away! by Heaven, I shall abhor his sight,  
Whoever bids me be of comfort more!

If thou wilt sooth my sorrow, then I'll thank thee;  
Ay! now thou'rt kind indeed! these tears oblige me.

*Tressel.* Alas, my lord, I fear more evil towards you!

*K. Hen.* Why, let it come; I scarce shall feel it now;  
My present woes have beat me to the ground;

And my hard fate can make me fall no lower.

What can it be?—give it its ugliest shape—  
Oh, my poor boy!

*Tressel.* A word does that; it comes in Gloster's form.

*K. Hen.* Frightful indeed! give me the worst that threatens.

*Tressel.* After the murder of your son, stern Richard,  
As if unsated with the wounds he had given,

With unwash'd hands went from his friends in haste;

And, being ask'd by Clarence of the cause,

He, low'ring, cried, Brother, I must to the Tower;

I've business there; excuse me to the king:

Before you reach the town, expect some news:

This said, he vanish'd—and, I hear, is arrived.

*K. Hen.* Why, then the period of my woes is set;  
For ills, but thought by him, are half perform'd.

*Enter* LEUTENANT, with an Order.

*Lieut.* Forgive me, sir, what I'm compell'd to obey:  
An order for your close confinement.

near them ten times  
times long past, ev'n now with woe remember'd,  
fore thou bidd'st good night, to quit their grief,  
ll thou the lamentable fall of me,  
d send thy hearers weeping to their beds. [E]

SCENE II.—*The Tower.* Enter GLOSTER.

*Glost.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by the sun of York;  
And all the clouds, that low'r'd upon our house,  
To the deep bosom of the ocean buried:  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,  
Our stern alarms are changed to merry meetings;  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:  
grim-visag'd War has smooth'd his wrinkled front,  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute:  
But I, that am not made for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass:  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,  
Cheated of features by dissembling Nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
To scarce half made up,

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the Tower.*—KING HENRY sleeping on a Couch.—Enter LIEUTENANT.

*Lieut.* Asleep so soon! but Sorrow minds no seasons;  
The morning, noon, and night, with her's the same;  
She's fond of any hour that yields repose.

*K. Hen.* Who's there? Lieutenant! is it you? Come hither!

*Lieut.* You shake, my lord, and look affrighted!

*K. Hen.* Oh! I have had the fearful'st dream! such sights,

That, as I live,  
I would not pass another hour so dreadful,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.  
Reach me a book—I'll try if reading can  
Divert these melancholy thoughts.

Enter GLOSTER.

*Glost.* Good day, my lord; what, at your book so hard?  
I disturb you.

*K. Hen.* You do indeed.

*Glost.* Friend, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.

*K. Hen.* What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

*Glost.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:  
The thief does fear each bush an officer.

*K. Hen.* Where thieves, without controlment, rob and kill,

The traveller does fear each bush a thief:  
The poor bird, that has been already limed,  
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush;  
And I, the hapless male of one sweet bird,  
Have now the fatal object in my eye,  
By whom my young one bled, was caught, and kill'd.

*Glost.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
That taught his son the office of a fowl!

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd:  
Thou should'st have taught thy boy his prayers alone,  
And then he had not broke his neck with climbing.

*K. Hen.* Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not thy words;  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
Than can my ears that piercing story;  
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

*Glost.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?

*K. Hen.* If murdering innocents be executing,  
Then thou'rt the worst of executioners.

*Glost.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine;  
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.  
How many old men's sighs, and widow's moans;

or them tell the dismal tales  
of long past, ev'n now with woe remember'd,  
thou bidd'st good night, to quit their grief,  
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In the deep bosom of the ocean buried:  
Our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our stern alarms are changed for monuments,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:  
Fierce-visag'd War has smooth'd his wrinkled front,  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute:  
I, that am not made for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass:  
That am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,  
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;  
That am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,  
Mere heated features by dissembling Nature,  
To live a life, sent before my time

KING RICHARD III.

9

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presume,  
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine;  
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.  
How many old men's sighs, and widow's moans;



*K. Hen.* Whence comes it, good lieutenant?

*Lieut.* Sir, from the Duke of Gloster.

*K. Hen.* Good night to all then! I obey it.

And now, good friend, suppose me on my death-bed,  
And take of me thy last, short-living, leave.

Nay, keep thy tears, till thou hast seen me dead:

And when, in tedious winter nights, with good

Old folks, thou sitt'st up late,

To hear them tell the dismal tales

Of times long past, ev'n now with woe remember'd,

Before thou bidd'st good night, to quit their grief,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

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Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass:

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,

To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;

I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,

Cheated of features by dissembling Nature,

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,

And that so lamely and unfashionable,

That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:

Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away my hours,

Unless to see my shadow in the sun,

And descant on my own deformity:

Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,

But to command, to check, and o'erbear such

As are of happier person than myself,

Why, then, to me this restless world's but hell,

Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head

Be circled in a glorious diadem—

But then 'tis fix'd on such a height; oh, I

Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul!

I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,

And my first step shall be on Henry's head.

EDWARD, meeting LORD

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... to see the corpse.

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[Exit

—Alas!

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How many orphan's water-standing eyes;  
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,  
 And children for their parents' timeless death,  
 Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born!  
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth—an evil sign!  
 The night-crow cried, foreboding luckless time;  
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees  
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney top,  
 And chattering pies in dismal discord sung;  
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.  
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wert born,  
 Which plainly said, thou camest to bite mankind;  
 And, if the rest be true, which I have heard,  
 Thou camest—

*Glost.* I'll hear no more—Die, prophet, in thy spee  
 For this, amongst the rest, I was ordain'd. [*Stab*

*K. Hen.* Oh! and for much more slaughter after th  
 Just Heaven forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*Stab*

*Glost.* What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
 Sink to the ground?—I thought it would have mount  
 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!  
 Oh may such purple tears be always shed,  
 From those who wish the downfall of our house!  
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
 Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither;  
 I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.  
 Indeed 'tis true, what Henry told me of;  
 For I have often heard my mother say,  
 I came into the world with my legs forward;  
 The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried,  
 Good Heaven bless us! he is born with teeth!  
 And so I was, which plainly signify'd,  
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.  
 Then since the Heavens have shaped my body so,  
 Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it;  
 I have no brother, am like no brother,  
 And this word love, which grey-beards call divine,  
 Be resident in men, like one another,  
 And not in me—I am—myself alone.  
 Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light;  
 But if I fail not in my deep intent,  
 Thou'st not another day to live; which done,  
 Heaven take the weak King Edward to his mercy,  
 And leave the world for me to bustle in.  
 But soft—I'm sharing spoil, before the field is won.  
*Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns:*  
*When they are gone, then must I count my gains.* (

SCENE I.—*St. Paul's. Enter TRESSSEL, meeting LORD STANLEY.*

*Tressel.* My lord, your servant ; pray what brought you to St. Paul's.

*Stanley.* I came among the crowd to see the corpse. Of poor King Henry ; 'tis a dismal sight ; But yesterday I saw him in the Tower ; His talk is still so fresh within my memory, That I could weep to think how fate has used him. I wonder where's Duke Richard's policy, In suffering him to lie exposed to view ? Can he believe that men will love him for't ?

*Tressel.* O yes, sir, love him as he loves his brothers. When was you with King Edward, pray, my lord ? I hear he leaves his food, is melancholy ; And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Stanley.* 'Tis thought he'll scarce recover. Shall we to court, and hear more news of him ?

*Tressel.* I am obliged to pay attendance here : The Lady Anne has licence to remove King Henry's corpse to be interr'd at Chertsey, And I'm engaged to follow her.

*Stanley.* Mean you King Henry's daughter-in-law !

*Tressel.* The same, sir ; widow to the late prince Edward, Whom Gloster kill'd at Tewksbury.

*Stanley.* Alas ! poor lady ! She's severely used ! And yet I hear Richard attempts her love : Methinks the wrongs he's done her might discourage him

*Tressel.* Neither those wrongs, nor his own shape can fright him.

He sent for leave to visit her this morning, And she was forced to keep her bed, to avoid him : But see, she is arriv'd—will you along To see this doleful ceremony ?

*Stanley.* I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glost.* 'Twas her excuse to avoid me.—Alas !

She keeps no bed—

She has health enough to progress far as Chertsey, Though not to bear the sight of me.

I cannot blame her—

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb,  
And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,  
He did corrupt frail nature with a bribe,  
To shrink my arm up, like a wither'd shrub,  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size,  
To disproportion me in every part.

To shape my legs of an unequal size,  
 To disproportion me in every part.  
 And am I then a man to be beloved?  
 Oh monstrous thought! more vain than my ambition.

*Enter LIEUTENANT, hastily.*

*Lieut.* My lord, I beg your grace—

*Glost.* Begone, fellow! I'm not at leisure.

*Lieut.* My lord, the king, your brother, 's taken ill.

*Glost.* I'll wait on him: leave me, friend.

Ha! Edward taken ill!

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
 That from his loins no more young brats may rise,  
 To cross me in the golden time I look for.

*Enter LADY ANNE, in Mourning, LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, GUARDS, BEARERS, with KING HENRY'S Body, and Six LADIES in Mourning.*

But see, my love appears—look where she shines  
 Darting pale lustre, like the silver moon,  
 Through her dark veil of rainy sorrow!  
 So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love;  
 And thus the soldier, arm'd with resolution,  
 Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.  
 'Tis true my form perhaps may little move her,  
 But I've a tongue shall wheedle with the devil:  
 Why I can smile, and smile, and murder when I smile,  
 And cry content, to that, which grieves my heart;  
 And wet my cheek with artificial tears,  
 And suit my face to all occasions.  
 Yet hold, she mourns the man that I have kill'd;  
 First let her sorrows take some vent—stand here,  
 I'll take her passion in its wain, and turn  
 This storm of grief to gentle drops of pity  
 For his repentant murderer. *[He retires.*

*Lady A.* Hung be the heav'ns in black; yield day to  
 night;

Comets, importing change of times and states,  
 Brandish your fiery tresses in the sky,  
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
 That have consented to King Henry's death.  
 Oh! be accurst the hand that shed his blood,  
 Accurst the head, that had the heart to do it;  
 If ever he have wife, let her be made  
 More miserable by the life of him,  
 Than I am now by Edward's death and thine.

*Glost.* Poor girl, what pains she takes to curse h

*Lady A.* If ever she have child, abortive be it,  
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light;  
 Whose hideous form, whose most unnatural aspect  
 May fright the hopeful mother at her view,

And that be heir to his unhappiness!—  
Now on to Chertsey, with your sacred load.

*Glost.* Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Lady A.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glost.* Villains, set down the corse, or by St. Paul,  
I'll make a corse of him that disobeya.

*Guard.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glost.* Unmanner'd slave! stand thou when I command,  
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,  
Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurra upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*Lady A.* Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsated fiend?  
Thou hast but power over his mortal body:  
His soul thou canst not reach, therefore begone.

*Glost.* Sweet saint, be not so hard for charity.

*Lady A.* If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

Why didst thou do this deed? could not the laws  
Of man, of nature, nor of heav'n dissuade thee?  
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Glost.* If want of pity be a crime so hateful,  
Whence is it, thou, fair excellence! art guilty?

*Lady A.* What means the slauderer?

*Glost.* Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these my crimes supposed, to give me leave,  
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

*Lady A.* Then take that sword, whose bloody point still  
reeks

With Henry's life, with my loved lord's young Edward's,  
And here let out thy own, to appease their ghosts.

*Glost.* By such despair I should accuse myself.

*Lady A.* Why, by despairing only canst thou stand ex-  
cused.

Didst thou not kill the king?

*Glost.* I grant ye.

*Lady A.* Oh! he was gentle, loving, mild, and virtuous;  
But he's in heaven, where thou canst never come.

*Glost.* Was I not kind to send him thither, then?  
He was much fitter for that place than earth.

*Lady A.* And thou unfit for any place, but hell!

*Glost.* Yes, one place else—If you will hear me  
name it.

*Lady A.* Some dungenn.

*Glost.* Your bed-chamber.

*Lady A.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

*Glost.* So it will, madam, till I lie in yours.

*Lady A.* I hope so.

*Glost.* I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our tongues,  
And fall to something a more serious method.

Is not the causer of the untimely deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

*Lady A.* Thou wert the cause, and most accursed  
fect.

*Glost.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty! that did haunt me in my sleep,  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in that soft bosom!

*Lady A.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These hands should rend that beauty from my cheek.

*Glost.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's  
wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:  
As all the world is nourish'd by the sun,  
So I by that—it is my day, my life!

*Lady A.* I would it were, to be revenged on thee.

*Glost.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To wish revenge on him that loves thee.

*Lady A.* Say rather 'tis my duty,  
To seek revenge on him that kill'd my husband.

*Glost.* Fair creature! he that kill'd thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Lady A.* His better does not breathe upon the ear.

*Glost.* He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

*Lady A.* Name him.

*Glost.* Plantagenet.

*Lady A.* Why, that was he.

*Glost.* The self-same name, but one of softer nature.

*Lady A.* Where is he?

*Glost.* Ah, take more pity in thy eyes, and see him  
here.

*Lady A.* Would they were basilisks, to strike  
dead!

*Glost.* I would they were, that I might die at once  
For now they kill me with a living death,  
Darting with cruel aim despair and love.

I never sued to friend or enemy;  
My tongue could never learn soft smoothing words;

But, now thy beauty is proposed my foe,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

*Lady A.* Is there a tongue on earth can speak for thee?  
Why dost thou court my hate?

*Glost.* Oh, teach not thy soft lips such cold content;  
If thy relentless heart cannot forgive,

Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,  
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the honest soul out, that adores thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg that death upon my knee.

*Lady A.* What shall I say or do? direct me, Heaven!  
When stones weep, sure the tears are natural;  
And Heaven itself instructs us to forgive,  
When they do flow from a sincere repentance. [*Aside.*]

*Glost.* Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry,  
But 'twas thy wondrous beauty did provoke me;  
Or, now dispatch—'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,  
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on:  
And I might still persist, (so stubborn is  
My temper) to rejoice at what I've done—  
But that thy powerful eyes (as roaring seas  
Obey the changes of the moon) have turn'd  
My heart, and made it flow with penitence.

[*She drops the Sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Lady A.* No, though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy executioner.

*Glost.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Lady A.* I have already.

*Glost.* That was in thy rage;  
Say it again, and even with thy word,  
This guilty hand, that robb'd thee of thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, revenge thee on thy lover:  
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.  
What! not a word, to pardon or condemn me!  
But thou art wise, and canst, with silence, kill me;  
Yet, even in death, my fleeting soul pursues thee;  
Dash not the tears of penitence away—  
I ask but leave to indulge my cold despair.

*Lady A.* Would'st thou not blame me, to forgive thy  
crimes?

*Glost.* They are not to be forgiven; no, not even  
Penitence can atone them—Oh misery  
Of thought, that strikes me with, at once, repentance  
And despair!—though unpardon'd, yield me pity.

*Lady A.* 'Would I knew thy heart!

*Glost.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

*Lady A.* I fear me, both are false.

*Glost.* Then never man was true!

*Lady A.* Put up thy sword.

*Glost.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Lady A.* That shalt thou know hereafter.

*Glost.* But, shall I live in hope?

*Lady A.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glost.* I swear, bright saint, I am not what I was!  
Those eyes have turn'd my stubborn heart to woman;  
Thy goodness makes me soft in penitence,  
And my harsh thoughts are turn'd to peace and love.  
Oh! if thy poor devoted servant might  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou would'st confirm his happiness for ever!



*Lady A.* What is't?

*Glost.* That it may please thee, leave these sad designs,  
To him, that has most cause to be a mourner,  
And, presently, repair to Crosby House ;  
Where, after having solemnly interr'd,  
At Chertsey Monastery, this injured king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will, with all expedient duty, see you.  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this favour.

*Lady A.* I do, my lord, and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.  
*Tressel and Stanley*, go along with me.

*Glost.* Bid me farewell.

*Lady A.* 'Tis more than you deserve ;  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already. [ *Exeunt.*

*Guards.* Towards Chertsey, my lord ?

*Glost.* No, to Whitefriars ; there attend my coming.

[ *Exeunt Guards, with the Body.*

Was ever woman, in this humour, woo'd ?  
Was ever woman, in this humour, won ?  
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.  
What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,  
To take her, in her heart's extremest hate,  
With curses in her mouth, and tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of my hatred by ;  
Having Heaven, her conscience, and these bars against  
me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,  
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks !  
And yet to win her ! all the world to nothing !  
Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,  
Whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?  
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus !  
My dukedom to a widow's chastity,  
I do mistake my person, all this while,  
Upon my life ! she finds, (although I cannot,)  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
I'll have my chambers lined with looking-glass ;  
And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions, to adorn my body.  
Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost ;  
But first, I'll turn *St. Harry* to his grave,  
And then return, lamenting, to my love.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I salute my glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[ *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Presence Chamber.—Enter BUCKINGHAM, hastily, meeting LORD STANLEY.*

*Buck.* Did you see the duke?

*Stanley.* What duke, my lord?

*Buck.* His Grace of Gloster: did you see him?

*Stanley.* Not lately, my lord—I hope no ill news?

*Buck.* The worst that heart e'er bore, or tongue can utter;

Edward, the king, his royal brother, 's dead!

*Stanley.* 'Tis sad, indeed! I wish by your impatience, To acquaint him though, you think it so to him. [*Aside.* Did the king, my lord, make any mention Of a protector for his crown and children?

*Buck.* He did; Duke Richard has the care of both.

*Stanley.* That sad news you are afraid to tell him too.

[*Aside.*

*Buck.* He'll spare no toils, I'm sure, to fill his place.

*Stanley.* 'Pray, Heaven, he's not too diligent? [*Aside.* My lord, is not the Duchess of York, The king's mother, coming, I fear, to visit him?

*Buck.* 'Tis she—little thinking what has befall'n us!

*Enter DUCHESS of YORK.*

*Duch. of York.* Good day, my lords; how takes the king his rest?

*Buck.* Alas, madam! too well—he sleeps for ever!

*Duch. of York.* Dead! Good Heaven, support me!

*Buck.* Madam, 'twas my unhappy lot, to hear His last departing groans, and close his eyes!

*Duch. of York.* Another taken from me too! why, just Heaven,

Am I still left the last, in life, and woe?

First, I bemoan'd a noble husband's death,

Yet lived, with looking on his images:

But now, my last support is gone—First, Clarence,

Now, Edward, is for ever taken from me,

And I must now of force sink down with sorrow!

*Buck.* Your youngest son, the noble Richard, lives;

His love, I know, will feel his mother's cares,

And bring new comfort to your latter days.

*Duch. of York.* 'Twere new, indeed! for yet of him I've none,

Unless a churlish disposition may

Be counted from a child a mother's comfort.

Where is the queen, my lord?

*Buck.* I left her with her kinsmen, deep in sorrow,

Who have, with much ado, persuaded her

To leave the body—Madam, they are here.

Enter QUEEN, RIVERS, and DORSÉT

*Queen.* Why do you thus oppose my grief? unless  
To make me rave, and weep, the faster? ha!  
My mother too, in tears! fresh sorrow strikes  
My heart, at sight of every friend that loved  
My Edward, living! Oh, mother, he's dead!  
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!  
Oh, that my eyes could weep away my soul!  
Then I might follow, worthy of his hearse.

*Stanley.* Your duty, madam, of a wife, is dead,  
And now, the mother's only, claims your care.  
Think on the prince, your son—send for him, straight  
And let his coronation clear your eyes.  
Bury your griefs in the dead Edward's grave—  
Revive your joys, on living Edward's throne.

*Queen.* Alas! that thought but adds to my affliction  
New tears for Edward, gone, and fears for Edward, liv'  
An helpless child, in his minority,  
Is in the trust of his stern uncle, Gloster—  
A man, that frowns on me, and all of mine.

*Buck.* Judge not so hardly, madam, of his love:  
Your son will find in him a father's care.

Enter GLOSTER, behind.

*Glost.* Why, ay! these tears look well—Sorrow's  
mode,  
And every one at court must wear it now:—  
With all my heart; I'll not be out of fashion.

*Queen.* My lord, just Heaven knows, I never  
Gloster!

But would, on any terms, embrace his friendship.

*Buck.* These words would make him weep—I  
him yours.—

See, where he comes, in sorrow for our loss.

*Glost.* My lords, good morrow—Cousin of Buckin'  
I am yours.

*Buck.* Good morning to your grace.

*Glost.* Methinks,

We meet, like men that had forgot to speak.

*Buck.* We may remember; but our argument  
Is now too mournful to admit such talk.

*Glost.* It is indeed! Peace be with him that made  
Sister, take comfort; 'tis true we've all cause  
To mourn the dimming of our shining star;  
But sorrow never could revive the dead;  
And if it could, hope would prevent our tears;  
So we must weep, because we weep in vain.—  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,  
My grief was blind, I did not see your grace;  
Most humbly, on my knees, I crave your blessing.

*Duch. of York.* Thou hast it, and may thy charitable Heart and tongue love one another! May Heaven Endow thy breast with meekness and obedience!

*Glost.* Amen, and make me die a good old man!— That's the old butt-end of a mother's blessing;

I marvel that her grace did leave it out! [*Aside.*

*Buck.* My lords, I think 'twere fit, that now, Prince Edward,

Forthwith, from Ludlow, should be sent for, home, In order to his coronation.

*Glost.* By all means, my lord:—Come, let's in, to counsel,

And appoint who shall be the messengers:

Madam, and you, my sister, please you, go

To give your sentiments on this occasion.

*Queen.* My lord, your wisdom needs no help from me;

My glad consent you have, in all that's just,

Or for the people's good, though I suffer by't.

*Glost.* Please you to retire, madam; we shall propose,

What you'll not think the people's wrongs, nor yours.

*Queen.* May Heaven prosper all your good intent!

[*Exeunt all but Gloster and Buckingham.*]

*Glost.* Amen, with all my heart;—for mine's the crown, And is not that a good one?—Ha! pray'd she not well, cousin?

*Buck.* I hope she prophesied—you now stand fair.

*Glost.* Now, by St. Paul, I feel it here! methinks

The massy weight on't galls my laden brow:

What think'st thou, cousin, wer't not an easy matter

To get Lord Stanley's hand, to help it on?

*Buck.* My lord, I doubt that; for his father's sake,

He loves the prince too well—he'll scarce be won

To any thing against him.

*Glost.* Poverty, the reward of honest fools, O'ertake him for't! What think'st thou, then, of Hastings?

*Buck.* He shall be tried, my lord; I'll find out Catesby, Who shall at subtle distance sound his thoughts—

But we must still suppose the worst may happen:

What if we find him cold in our design?

*Glost.* Chop off his head!—Something we'll soon determine:

But haste, and find out Catesby,

That, done, follow me to the council chamber;

We'll not be seen together much, nor have

It known that we confer in private; therefore,

Away, good cousin.

*Buck.* I am gone, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Glost.* Thus far we run before the wind;

My fortune smiles, and gives me all that I dare ask,

The conquer'd Lady Anne is bound in vows;

Fast as the priest can make us, we are one.  
The king, my brother, sleeps without his pillow,  
And I'm left guardian of his infant heir.

Let me see—

The prince will soon be here—let him! the crown!

Oh, yes, he shall have twenty—globes, and sceptres

New ones made to play withal, but no coronation—

No, nor any court-flies about him—no kinsmen.

Hold ye—where shall he keep his court?—the Tower

Ay—the Tower. [

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*—PRINCE EDWARD, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, LORD STANLEY, TRESSEL, and TENDANTS, *discovered.*

*Glost.* Now, my royal cousin, welcome to London!

Welcome to all those honour'd dignities,

Which, by your father's will, and by your birth,

You stand the undoubted heir possessed of!

And, if my plain simplicity of heart

May take the liberty to show itself,

You're farther welcome to your uncle's care

And love—Why do you sigh, my lord?

That weary way has made you melancholy.

*P. Ed.* No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Tressel.* More uncles! what means his highness?

*Stanley.* Why, sir, the careful Duke of Gloster has

Secured his kinsmen on the way.—Lord Rivers, Gray

Sir Thomas Vaughan, and others of his friends,

Are prisoners now in Pomfret Castle:

On what pretence it boots not, there they are;

Let the devil and the duke alone to accuse them.

*Glost.* My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter LORD MAYOR, and Two ALDERMEN.*

*Lord M.* Vouchsafe, most gracious sovereign, to accept  
The general homage of your royal city:

We farther beg your royal leave, to speak,

In deep condolment of your father's loss;

And, as far as our true sorrow would permit,

To 'gratulate your accession to the throne.

*P. Ed.* I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all

Alas! my youth is yet unfit to govern,

Therefore the sword of justice is in abler hands;

But be assured of this, so much already

I perceive I love you, that, though I know not yet  
To do you offices of good, yet this I know,  
I'll sooner die than basely do you wrong.

*Glost.* So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.  
[*Aside.*]

*P. Ed.* My lords,  
I thought my mother, and my brother York,  
Would, long ere this, have met us on the way :  
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

*Glost.* Where it shall seem best to your royal self.  
May I advise you, sir, some day or two,  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower ;  
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

*P. Ed.* Why at the Tower ? But be it as you please.

*Buck.* My lord, your brother's Grace of York.

*Enter DUKE and DUCHESS OF YORK.*

*P. Ed.* Richard of York ! how fares our dearest brother ?  
[*Embracing.*]

*D. of York.* Oh, my dear lord ! So I must call you now.

*P. Ed.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours !  
Too soon he died, who might have better worn  
That title, which, in me, will lose its majesty.

*Glost.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York ?

*D. of York.* Thank you kindly, dear uncle—Oh, my  
lord,

You said that idle weeds were fast in growth ;  
The king, my brother, has outgrown me far.

*Glost.* He has, my lord.

*D. of York.* And, therefore, is he idle ?

*Glost.* Oh, pretty cousin, I must not say so.

*D. of York.* Nay, uncle, I don't believe the saying's  
true,

For, if it were, you'd be an idle weed.

*Glost.* How so, cousin ?

*D. of York.* Because, I have heard folks say, you grew  
so fast,

Your teeth would gnaw a crust at two hours old :

Now, 'twas two years ere I could get a tooth.

*Glost.* Indeed ! I find, the brat is taught this lesson.

[*Aside.*]

Who told thee this, my pretty, merry cousin ?

*D. of York.* Why, your nurse, uncle.

*Glost.* My nurse, child ! she was dead 'fore thou wert  
born.

*D. of York.* If 'twas not she, I can't tell who told me.

*Glost.* So subtle too ! 'tis pity thou art short-lived !

[*Aside.*]

*P. Ed.* My brother, uncle, will be cross in talk.



*Glost.* Oh, fear not, my lord; we shall never quarrel.

*P. Ed.* I hope your grace knows how to bear with him.

*D. of York.* You mean to bear me, not to bear with me;  
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*P. Ed.* Fie, brother, I have no such meaning!

*Glost.* My lord, will't please you, pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin of Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet, and bid you welcome at the Tower.

*D. of York.* What! will you go to the Tower, my dear lord?

*P. Ed.* My Lord Protector will have it so.

*D. of York.* I sha'n't sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glost.* I'll warrant you; King Henry lay there,  
And he sleeps in quiet. [Aside.]

*P. Ed.* What should you fear, brother?

*D. of York.* My uncle Clarence' ghost, my lord:

My grandmother told me he was kill'd there.

*P. Ed.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glost.* Nor any, sir, that live, I hope?

*P. Ed.* I hope so too; but come, my lords,  
To the Tower, since it must be so.

[Exit all but Gloster and Buckingham.]

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not instructed by his subtle mother,

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glost.* No doubt—no doubt; oh, 'tis a shrewd young  
master:

Stubborn, bold, quick, forward, and capable!

He is all the mother's, from the top to the toe:

But let them rest.—Now what says Catesby?

*Buck.* My lord, 'tis much as I suspected, and  
He's here himself to inform you.

Enter CATESBY.

*Glost.* So, Catesby, hast thou been tampering?  
What news?

*Catesby.* My lord, according to the instruction given  
me,

With words, at distance dropp'd, I sounded Hastings,

Piercing how far he did affect your purpose;

To which, indeed, I found him cold, unwilling;

The sum is this—he seem'd a while to understand me not;

At length, from plainer speaking, urged to answer,

He said, in heat, rather than wrong the head

To whom the crown was due, he'd lose his own.

*Glost.* Indeed! his own then answer for that saying:

He shall be taken care off; meanwhile, Catesby,

Be thou near me.—Cousin of Buckingham,

Let's lose no time ; the mayor and citizens  
 Are now at busy meeting, in Guildhall.  
 Thither I'd have you haste immediately,  
 And at your meetest 'vantage of the time,  
 Improve those hiuts I gave you late to speak of :  
 But, above all, infer the bastardy  
 Of Edward's children.

*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,  
 As if myself might wear the golden fee,  
 For which I plead.

*Glost.* If you thrive well, bring them to see me here,  
 Where you shall find me seriously employ'd  
 With the most learned fathers of the church.

*Buck.* I fly, my lord, to serve you. |

*Glost.* To serve thyself, my cousin ;  
 For look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
 The earldom of Hereford, and all those moveables  
 Whereof the king, my brother, stood possess'd.

*Buck.* I shall remember, that your grace was bountiful.

*Glost.* Cousin, I have said it.

*Buck.* I am gone, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Glost.* So, I've secured my cousin here. These moveables

Will never let his brains rest till I'm king.  
 Catesby, go you with speed to Doctor Shaw,  
 And thence to Friar Benker—bid them both  
 Attend me here, within an hour, at farthest :

[*Exit Catesby.*

Meanwhile, my private orders shall be given  
 To lock out all admittance to the princes.—  
 Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on !  
 How many frightful stops would conscience make  
 In some soft heads, to undertake like me !  
 Come, this conscience is a convenient scarecrow ;  
 It guards the fruit which priests and wise men taste,  
 Who never set it up to fright themselves ;  
 They know 'tis rags, and gather in the face on't ;  
 While half-starved, shallow daws, through fear, are honest.

Why were laws made, but that we're rogues by nature ?  
 Conscience ! 'tis our coin—we live by parting with it ;  
 And he thrives best that has the most to spare.  
 The protesting lover buys hope with it,  
 And the deluded virgin, short-lived pleasure ;  
 Old greybeards cram their avarice with it ;  
 Your lank-jaw'd, hungry judge, will dine upon't,  
 And hang the guiltless, rather than eat his matton cold :  
 The crown'd head quits it for despotic sway ;  
 The stubborn people, for unawed rebellion.  
 There's not a slave, but has his share of villain ;  
 Why, then, shall after ages think my deeds  
 Inhuman, since my worst are but ambition ?



no! 'twas meant a blessing --  
once was so to me, though now my curse.  
The fruit of Edward's love was sweet and pleasing;  
but, ah! untimely cropp'd by cruel Gloster;  
let me have music to compose my thoughts. [Soft  
It will not be; aught but the grave can close my eyes;  
but see,  
He comes—the rude disturber of my pillow.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glost.* Ha! still in tears? let them flow on; th  
signs  
Of a substantial grief.—Why don't she die?  
She must: my interest will not let her live.  
The fair Elizabeth hath caught my eye;  
My heart's vacant, and she shall fill her place.  
They say, that women have but tender hearts;  
'Tis a mistake, I doubt—I've found them tough;  
They'll bend, indeed, but he must strain that  
them.

All I can hope's to throw her into sickness,  
That I may send her a physician's help.—  
So, madam, what! you still take care, I see,  
To let the world believe I love you not.  
This outward mourning now has malice in't,  
So have these sullen disobedient tears;  
I'll have you tell the world I dote upon you.

*Lady A.* I wish I could—but 'twill not be belie  
I observed this usage?

... leave me, as at

*Glost.* Thy husband's hate : nor do I hate thee only  
 From the dull edge of sated appetite,  
 But from the eager love I bear another.  
 Some call me hypocrite—what think'st thou now  
 Do I dissemble ?

*Lady A.* Thy vows of love to me were all dissembled.

*Glost.* Not one—for when I told the so I loved :  
 Thou art the only soul I never yet deceived ;  
 And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now,  
 With all my heart I hate thee.—

If this have no effect, she is immortal ! [*Aside.*

*Lady A.* Forgive me, Heaven, that I forgave this man !  
 Oh may my story, told in after ages,  
 Give warning to our easy sex's years ;  
 May it unveil the hearts of men, and strike  
 Them deaf to their dissimulated love !

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Glost.* Now, Catesby—

*Catesby.* My lord, his Grace of Buckingham attends  
 your highness' pleasure.

*Glost.* Wait on him—I'll expect him here.

[*Exit Catesby.*

Your absence, madam, will be necessary.

*Lady A.* 'Would my death were so ! [*Exit.*

*Glost.* It may be so, shortly.

[*Catesby passes over the back of the Stage.*

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

My cousin, what say the citizens ?

*Buck.* Now, by our hopes, my lord, they are senseless  
 stones :

Their hesitating fear has struck them dumb !

*Glost.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

*Buck.* I did, with his contract to Lady Lucy ;

Nay, his own bastardy, and tyranny for trifles,

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace ;

Your bounty, justice, fair humility ;

Indeed left nothing that might gild our cause,

Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in my talk :

And when my oration drew towards an end,

I urged of them that loved their country's good,

To do you right, and cry, Long live King Richard !

*Glost.* And did they so ?

*Buck.* Not one, by Heaven—but each like statues fix'd,

Speechless and pale, stared in his fellow's face :

Which, when I saw, I reprehended them,

And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence ?

His answer was, the people were not used

lower end of the hall, some ten voices cried, God save King Richard, which I took the vantage of those few, cried, Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, general applause, and cheerful shout, praises your wisdom, and your love to Richard; even here broke off, and came away.

*Glost.* Oh tongueless blocks! would they not speak? I not the Mayor then, and his brethren, come? *Buck.* The Mayor is here at hand—feign you some fear, and be not spoken with, but by mighty suit, prayer-book in your hand, my lord, were well, standing between two churchmen of repute: for on that ground I'll make an holy descant: let be not easily won to our requests; seem, like the virgin, fearful of your wishes.

*Glost.* My other self—my counsel's consistory! My oracle! my prophet! my dear cousin! as a child, will go by thy direction.

*Buck.* Hark! the Lord Mayor's at hand—away, my lord;

No doubt, but yet we reach our point proposed.

*Glost.* We cannot fail, my lord, while you are pilot! A little flattery sometimes does well. [Exit]

*Enter LORD MAYOR and CITIZENS,*

*Buck.* Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here; I am afraid the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Enter Catesby,* what says your lord to my request? I humbly does entreat your grace

But on his knees at meditation :  
 Not dallying with a brace of courtezans ;  
 But with two deep divines in sacred praying ;  
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  
 Take on himself the toil of sov'reignty.

*Lord M.* Happy indeed, my lord.  
 He will not, sure, refuse our proffer'd love ?

*Buck.* Alas, my lord ! you know him not : his mind's  
 Above this world—he's for a crown immortal.

Look there, his door opens ; now where's our hope ?

*Lord M.* See where his grace stands, 'twixt two cler-  
 gy-men !

*Buck.* Ay, ay, 'tis there he's caught—there's his ambi-  
 tion.

*Lord M.* How low he bows to thank them for their care !  
 And see ! a prayer-book in his hand !

*Buck.* 'Would he were king, we'd give him leave to  
 pray !

Methinks I wish it, for the love he bears the city.  
 How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard  
 The Mayor should lose his title with his office ?  
 Well, who knows ? he may be won.

*Lord M.* Ah, my lord !

*Buck.* See, he comes forth—my friends, be resolute ;  
 I know he's cautious to a fault : but do not  
 Leave him, till our honest suit be granted.

*Enter GLOSTER, with a Book.*

*Glost.* Cousin of Buckingham,  
 I do beseech your grace to pardon me,  
 Who, earnest in my zealous meditation,  
 So long deferr'd the service of my friends.  
 Now do I fear I've done some strange offence,  
 That looks disgracious in the city's eye. If so,  
 'Tis just you should reprove my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord : we wish your grace,  
 On our entreaties, would amend your fault.

*Glost.* Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land ?

*Buck.* Know then, it is your fault that you resign  
 The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
 Fair England's throne, your own due right of birth,  
 To the corruption of a blamish'd stock ;  
 In this just cause I come, to move your highness,  
 That on your gracious self you'd take the charge  
 And kingly government of this your land,  
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
 Or lowly factor for another's gain,  
 But as successively, from blood to blood,  
 Your own by right of birth, and lineal glory.

*Glost.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,

Fits best with my degree, or your condition :  
 Therefore, to speak in just refusal of your suit,  
 And then in speaking not to check my friends,  
 Definitively thus I answer you :  
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert,  
 Unmeritable, shuns your fond request ;  
 For, Heaven be thank'd, there is no need of me ;  
 The royal stock has left us royal fruit,  
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the seat of majesty,  
 And make us (no doubt) happy by his reign.  
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happier stars ;  
 Which Heaven forbid my thoughts should rob him

*Lord M.* Upon our knees, my lord, we beg you  
 To wear this precious robe of dignity,  
 Which on a child must sit too loose and heavy ;  
 'Tis yours, besitting both your wisdom and your bi

*Catesby.* My lord, this coldness is unkind,  
 Nor suits it with such ardent loyalty.

*Buck.* Oh, make them happy ! grant their  
 suit.

*Glost.* Alas ! why would you heap this care upon  
 I am unfit for state and majesty.

I thank you for your loves, but must declare  
 (I do beseech you take it not amiss)  
 I will not, dare not, must not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse us, through a soft remorse,  
 Loth to depose the child, your brother's son  
 (As well we know your tenderness of heart ;)  
 Yet know, though you deny us to the last,  
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king,  
 But we will plant some other on the throne,  
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house ;  
 And, thus resolved, I bid you, sir, farewell.—  
 My lord, and gentlemen, I beg your pardon,  
 For this vain trouble—my intent was good,  
 I would have served my country and my king :  
 But 'twill not be—farewell, till next we meet.

*Lord M.* Be not too rash, my lord ; his grace re

*Buck.* Away, you but deceive yourselves.

*Catesby.* Sweet prince, accept their suit.

*Lord M.* If you deny us, all the land will rue it.

*Glost.* Call him again—[*Exit Catesby.*] you will  
 me to

A world of cares—I am not made of stone,  
 But penetrable to your kind entreaties ;  
 Though, Heaven knows, against my own inclin

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,  
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
 To bear her burden, whether I will or no,  
 I must have patience to endure the load ;  
 But, if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,  
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me ;  
 For Heaven knows, as you may partly see,  
 How far I am from the desire of this.

*Lord M.* Heaven guard your grace ! we see it, and will  
 say it.

*Glost.* You will but say the truth, my lord.

*Buck.* My heart's so full, it scarce has vent for words ;  
 My knee will better speak my duty, now.  
 Long live our sovereign, Richard, King of England !

*Glost.* Indeed, your words have touch'd me nearly,  
 cousin !

Pray rise—I wish you could recall them.

*Buck.* It would be treason, now, my lord ; to-morrow,  
 If it so please your majesty, from council  
 Orders shall be given for your coronation.

*Glost.* E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we will attend your majesty.  
 And now we take our leaves with joy.

*Glost.* Cousin, adieu—my loving friends, farewell.  
 I must unto my holy work again. [*Exeunt all but Richard.*]

Why, now my golden dream is out—

Ambition, like an early friend, throws back

My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd

To tell me what I dreamt is true—A crown !

Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds !

Oh ! how thy awful glory wraps my soul !

Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre !

For not men's love, fear pays the adoration,

And fame not more survives from good than evil deeds.

Th' aspiring youth, that fired the Ethesian dome,

Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that raised it.

Conscience, lie still ; more lives with it than be drain'd ;

Crowns got with blood must be wit, blood maintain'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—The Tower.  
DUKE OF YORK, DUCHESS OF YORK,  
ANNE, discovered.

*P. Ed.* Pray, madam, do not leave me yet,  
For I have many more complaints to tell you.

*Queen.* And I unable to redress the least!—  
What would'st thou say, my child?

*P. Ed.* Oh, mother, since I have lain i' the Tower  
My rest has still been broke with frightful dreams,  
Or shocking news has waked me into tears;

I'm scarce allow'd a friend to visit me;  
All my old honest servants are turn'd off,  
And in their room are strange ill-natured fellows,  
Who look so bold as they were all my masters;

And I'm afraid they'll shortly take you from me.  
*Duch. of York.* Oh, mournful hearing!

*Lady A.* Oh, unhappy prince!  
*D. of York.* Dear brother, why do you weep so  
You make me cry too!

*Queen.* Alas, poor innocence!  
*P. Ed.* 'Would I but knew at what my uncle  
If 'twere my crown, I'd freely give it him,  
So he'd but let me joy my life in quiet.

*D. of York.* Why, will my uncle kill us, brot  
*P. Ed.* I hope he won't; we never injured h  
*Queen.* I cannot bear to see them thus.

Enter LORD STANLEY.  
*Stanley.* Madam, I hope your majesty will  
what I'm griev'd to tell, unwelcome news!  
I more sorrow yet! My lord  
what is't!

That you prepare (as is advised from council)  
To-morrow for your royal coronation.

*Queen.* What do I hear! support me, Heaven!

*Lady A.* Alas, I heard of this before, but could not  
For my soul find heart to tell you of it.

*Catesby.* The king does farther wish your majesty  
Would less employ your visits at the Tower;  
He gives me leave t' attend you to the court,  
And is impatient, madam, till he sees you.

*Lady A.* Farewell to all! and thou, poor, injured queen,  
Forgive the unfriendly duty I must pay.

*Queen.* Alas, kind soul, I envy not thy glory;  
Nor think I'm pleased thou'rt partner in our sorrow.

*Catesby.* Madam.

*Lady A.* I come.

*Catesby.* Shall I attend your majesty?

*Lady A.* Attend me? whither? to be crown'd?

Let me with deadly venom be anointed,  
And die ere man can say, Long live the Queen!

[Exit with Catesby]

*Stanley.* Take comfort, madam.

*Queen.* Alas! where is it to be found?  
Death and destruction follow us so close,  
They shortly must o'ertake us!

*Stanley.* In Brittany,  
My son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond, still  
Resides, who with a jealous eye observes  
The lawless actions of aspiring Gloster;  
To him would I advise you, madam, fly  
Forthwith for aid, protection, and redress:  
He will, I'm sure, with open arms, receive you.

*Duch. of York.* Delay not, madam,  
For 'tis the only hope that Heaven has left us.

*Queen.* Do with me what you please—for any change  
Must surely better our condition.

*Stanley.* I farther would advise you, madam, this in-  
stant

To remove the princes to some  
Remote abode, where you yourself are mistress.

*P. Ed.* Dear madam, take me hence; for I shall ne'er  
Enjoy a moment's quiet here.

*D. of York.* Nor I:—pray, mother, let me go too.

*Queen.* Come, then, my pretty young ones, let's away,  
For here you lie within the falcon's reach,  
Who watches but the unguarded hour to seize you.

Enter LIEUTENANT, with a Warrant.

*Lieut.* I beg your majesty will pardon me;  
But the young princes must on no account  
Have egress from the Tower,  
Nor must (without the king's especial licence)



Of what degree soever, any person  
Have admission to them—all must retire.

*Queen.* I am their mother, sir! who else  
them?

If I pass freely, they shall follow me.  
For you—I'll take the peril of your fault upon me.

*Lieut.* My inclination, madam, would oblige you  
But I am bound by oath, and must obey:

Nor, madam, can I now with safety answer  
For this continued visit.—

Please you, my lord, to read these orders.

*Queen.* Oh! heavenly powers! shall I not  
them?

*Lieut.* Such are the king's commands, madam.

*Queen.* My lord!

*Stanley.* It is too true—and it were vain to oppose.

*Queen.* Support me, Heaven!

For life can never bear the pangs of such a part  
Oh! my poor children! oh, distracting thought!

I dare not bid them, (as I should) farewell;

And then to part in silence stabs my soul!

*P. Ed.* What, must you leave us, mother?

*Queen.* What shall I say?

But for a time, my loves—we shall meet again,  
At least in heaven.

*D. of York.* Won't you take me with you, mother?  
I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.

*Queen.* I cannot speak to them, and yet we must  
Be parted—then let these kisses say farewell.

Why! oh why! just Heaven, must these be our

*Duch. of York.* Give not your grief such way-  
den when you part.

*Queen.* I will—since it must be—to Heaven  
them:

Hear me, ye guardian powers of innocence!

Awake or sleeping—Oh! protect them still!

Still may their helpless youth attract men's pity

That when the arm of cruelty is raised,

Their looks may drop the lifted dagger down

From the stern murderer's relenting hand,

And throw him on his knees in penitence!

*Both Princes.* Oh, mother, mother!

*Queen.* Oh! my poor children! [Exit

SCENE II.—*The Presence Chamber.*—GLOSTER,  
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, RATCLIFF, LOVE

*Glost.* Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign!

*Glost.* Give me thy hand;

At length, by thy advice, and thy assistance

Is Gloster seated on the English throne.

But say, my cousin—

What, shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buck.* I hope for ages, sir—long may they grace you!

*Glost.* Oh! Buckingham! now do I play the touch-stone,

To try if thou be current friend indeed:

Young Edward lives, so does his brother York.

Now think what I would speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my gracious lord.

*Glost.* I tell thee, coz, I've lately had two spiders

Crawling upon my startled hopes—

Now, though thy friendly hand has brush'd them from me,

Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;

I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em—

I would be king, my cousin.

*Buck.* Why, so I think you are, my royal lord.

*Glost.* Ha! am I king? 'tis so—but—Edward lives,

*Buck.* Most true, my lord.

*Glost.* Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain—I wish the bastards dead!

And I would have it suddenly perform'd!

Now, cousin, canst understand me?

*Buck.* None dare dispute your highness' pleasure.

*Glost.* Indeed! methinks thy kindness freezes, cousin.

Thou dost refuse me then?—they shall not die?

*Buck.* My lord, since 'tis an action cannot be

Recall'd, allow me but some pause to think;

I'll instantly resolve your highness.

[*Exit.*]

*Glost.* I'll henceforth deal with shorter-sighted fools

None are for me, that look into my deeds

With thinking eyes—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect,

The beat on't is, it may be done without him,

Though not so well, perhaps—had he consented,

Why, then the murder had been his, not mine.

We'll make a shift as 'tis—Come hither, Catesby:

Where's that same I'irrel, whom thou told'st me of?

Hast thou given him those sums of gold I order'd?

*Catesby.* I have, my liege.

*Glost.* Give him this ring, and say; myself

Will bring him farther orders instantly. [*Exit Catesby.*]

The deep-revolving Duke of Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour of my councils;

Has he so long held out with me untired,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?

Stanley. I hear, my liege, the Lord Marquis of Dorset  
Is fled to Richmond, now in Brittany.

Glost. Why, let him go, my lord; he may be spared.  
Hark thee, Ratcliff, when saw'st thou Anne, my queen?  
Is she still weak? has my physician seen her?

Ratcliff. He has, my lord, and fears her mightily.

Glost. But she's mending skilful; she'll mend shortly.

Ratcliff. I have heard, my lord.

Glost. Art thou sure he mistook my man!  
I must be sure he's not Richmond's daughter,  
At whom Richmond aims;  
And by that means he may get the crown.  
But then to see his brother's blood;  
Is that the way to win his sister's love?  
No matter what he'll do while they live,  
My godly kingdom's on a weak foundation.  
'Tis done, my daring heart's resolved—they're dead!

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind,  
The late request that you did sound me in.

Glost. Well, let that rest—Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I have heard the news, my lord.

Glost. Stanley, he's your near kinsman—well, look  
him.

Buck. My lord, I claim that gift, my due, by promise  
For which your honour and your faith's engaged:  
The earldom of Hereford, and those moveables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

Glost. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

Glost. I do remember me, Harry the Sixth,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy,  
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king.  
'Tis odd—a king, perhaps—

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My lord, I have obey'd your highness.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my request?

Glost. Lead Tirrel to my closet, I'll meet him.

Buck. I beg your highness' ear, my lord.

Glost. I'm busy—thou troublest me—I'm not at home.

Buck. Oh patience, Heaven! is't thus he pays  
vice?

Was it for this I raised him to the throne?

the peaceful dead have any sense  
 vile injuries they bore while living,  
 are the joyful souls of blood-suck'd Edward,  
 Clarence, Hastings, and all that through  
 corrupted dealings have miscarried,  
 on the walls of heaven, in smiles look down,  
 his tyrant tumbling from his throne,  
 unmourn'd, and bloody as their own! [Exit.

III.—*An Apartment in the Tower.*—Enter TIRRELL, DIGHTON, and FOREST.

Come, gentlemen,  
 as concluded on the means?  
 Smothering will make no noise, sir.  
 Let it be done i' th' dark—for should you see  
 ung faces, who knows how far their looks  
 hence may tempt you into pity?  
 Well—Lieutenant, have you brought the keys?

Enter LIEUTENANT.

I have them, sir.  
 Then here's your warrant to deliver them.  
 [Giving a ring.  
 What can this mean! why at this dead of night  
 them too! 'tis not for me to enquire. [Exit.  
 Gentlemen, there lies your way.  
 [Exit severally.

IV.—*The Presence Chamber.*—Enter GLOSTER.

'Would it were done!  
 a busy something here,  
 dish custom has made terrible,  
 intent of evil deeds: and Nature too,  
 knew me womanish and weak,  
 my heart-strings with complaining cries,  
 me from my purpose—  
 on the thought of what men's tongues will say,  
 their hearts must think;  
 no creature love me living, nor  
 sorry when dead!  
 sure ages, when these children's tale  
 drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,  
 I with detestation, the misdeeds of Gloster,  
 k-back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,  
 why? will they not say too,  
 possess the crown, nor laws divine  
 an stopt my way?—Why, let them say it:  
 't but say, I had the crown;  
 t fool as well as villain.

KING RICHARD III.

Act IV.

Enter TIRREL.

How, my Tirrel, how are the brats disposed?  
 ay, am I happy? hast thou dealt upon them?  
 Tirrel. If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
 Beget your happiness, then, sir, be happy, for it is done.

Glost. But didst thou see them dead?

Tirrel. I did, my lord.

Glost. And buried, my good Tirrel?

Tirrel. In that, I thought to ask your grace's pleasure.  
 Full of holes—I'll have them sure—get me a coffin

Glost. I have it—I'll have them sure—get me a coffin  
 And, hark thee, in the night-tide, throw them down  
 The Thames—once in, they'll find the way to the bottom;  
 Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,  
 And be inheritor of thy desire.

Tirrel. I humbly thank your highness.

Glost. About it strait, good Tirrel.

Tirrel. Conclude it done, my lord.

Glost. Why then my loudest fears are hush'd;

The sons of Edward have eternal rest,  
 And Anne, my wife, has bid this world good night;

While fair Elizabeth, my beauteous neice,  
 Like a new morn, lights onward to my wishes.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My lord—

Glost. Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so  
 bluntly?

Catesby. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to Rich-  
 mond,

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
 Is in the field, and still his power increases.

Glost. Morton with Richmond, touches me more near  
 Than Buckingham, and his rash-levied numbers.

But come, dangers retreat, when boldly they're con-  
 fronted,

And dull delays lead impotence and fear;  
 Then fiery expedition raise my arm,  
 And fatal may it fall on crush'd rebellion!

Let's muster men—my counsel is my shield,  
 We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [Exit

SCENE V.—A Court in the Tower.—Enter QUEEN ANNE  
 DUCHESS OF YORK.

Queen. Oh, my poor children!—Oh, my tender babes  
 My unblown flowers, pluck'd by untimely hands:  
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
 Hover about me, with your airy wings,  
 And hear your mother's lamentation!

**Act IV. KING RICHARD III. 37**

Why slept thier guardian angels, when this deed was done?

*Duch. of York.* So many miseries have drain'd my eyes,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute;—  
Why should calamity be full of words?

*Queen.* Let's give them scope; for though they can't  
remove,  
Yet do they ease affliction.

*Duch. of York.* Why, then, let us be loud in exclama-  
tions,

To Richard, haste, and pierce him with our cries:

Hark, his trumpet sounds!—this way he must pass.  
[Trumpet sounds a march.]

*Queen.* Alas, I've not the daring to confront him!

*Duch. of York.* I have a mother's right—I'll force him  
to hear me.

*Enter GLOSTER and CATESBY, with Forces.—Trumpet  
sounds a March.*

*Glost.* Who interrupts me in my expedition?

*Duch. of York.* Dost thou not know me? Art thou not  
my son?

*Glost.* I cry your mercy, madam—is it you?

*Duch. of York.* Art thou my son?

*Glost.* Ay, I thank Heaven, my father, and yourself

*Duch. of York.* Then I command thee, hear me.

*Glost.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof

*Duch. of York.* Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my  
words

*Glost.* And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

*Duch. of York.* Why, I have staid for thee, (just Hea-  
ven knows)

In torment and in agony.

*Glost.* And came not I at last to comfort you?

*Duch. of York.* No, on my soul! too well thou know'st  
it,

A grievous burden was thy birth to me.

Techy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and stubborn;

Thy age confirm'd, most subtle, proud, and bloody!

*Glost.* If I am so disgracious in thy eye,

Let me march on, and not offend thee, madam.

*Duch. of York.* Yet stay, I charge thee, hear me.

*Queen.* If not, hear me; for I have wrongs will speak  
Without a tongue.—Methinks, the very sight  
Of me should turn thee into stone!

Where are my children, Gloster?

*Duch. of York.* Where is thy brother Clarence?

*Queen.* Where Hastings?

*Duch. of York.* Rivers?

*Queen.* Vaughan?

*Duch. of York.* Grey?

*Glost.* A flourish, trumpets; strike alarum, drums;  
Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed!—Strike! I say!

[*Alarum of drums and trumpets.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
Or, with the clamorous report of war,  
Thus will I drown your exclamations,

*Duch. of York.* Then hear me, Heaven! and Heaven, at  
his latest hour,

Be deaf to him, as he is now to me!  
Ere, from this war he turn a conqueror,  
Ye Powers, cut off his dangerous thread of life,  
Lest his black sins rise higher in account  
Than hell itself has pains to punish!  
Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the field!  
Heart's discontent, languid and lean despair,  
With all the hell of guilt, pursue thy steps, for ever!

[*Exit.*]

*Queen.* Though far more cause, yet much less power to  
curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

*Glost.* Stay, madam, I would beg some words with you.

*Queen.* What canst thou ask, that I have now to  
grant?—

Is't another son? Gloster, I have none.

*Glost.* You have a beautiful daughter, call'd Elizabeth—

*Queen.* Must she die too?

*Glost.* For whose fair sake, I'll bring more good to you,  
Than ever you or yours, had from me harm:  
So, in the Lethe of thy angry soul,  
Thou'lt drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,  
Which thou supposest me the cruel cause of.

*Queen.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*Glost.* Know, then, that, from my soul, I love the fair  
Elizabeth, and will, with your permission,  
Seat her on the throne of England.

*Queen.* Alas, vain man! how canst thou woo her?

*Glost.* That I would learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted of her humour.

*Queen.* If thou wilt learn of me, then woo her thus:  
Send to her by the man who kill'd her brothers,  
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraved,  
Edward and York—then, haply, will she weep:  
On this, present her with an handkerchief,  
Stain'd with their blood, to wipe her woeful eyes:  
If this inducement move her not to love,  
Read o'er the history of thy noble deeds;—

Act IV. KING RICHARD III.

Tell her thy policy took off her uncles,  
Clarence, Rivers, Grey: nay, and for her sake,  
Made quick conveyance with her dear aunt, Anne.

*Glost.* You mock me, madam; this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

*Queen.* What shall I say?—Still to affront his love,  
I fear, will but incense him to revenge;  
And, to consent, I should abhor myself:—  
Yet I may seemingly comply, and thus  
By sending Richmond word of his intent,  
Shall gain some time to let my child escape him.

It shall be so.—  
I have considered, sir, of your important wishes;  
And, could I but believe you real—

*Glost.* Now, by the sacred host of saints above—  
*Queen.* Oh, do not swear, my lord! I ask no oath,  
Unless my daughter like you more than I.

*Glost.* Oh, my kind mother! (I must call you so)  
Be thou to her my love's soft orator:  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;  
Not my desert, but what I will deserve.

And, when this warlike arm shall have chastised  
The audacious rebel, hot-brain'd Buckingham,  
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,  
And lead your daughter to a conqueror's bed.

*Queen.* My lord, farewell—in some few days expect  
To hear how fair a progress I have made:  
Till when be happy as you're penitent.

*Glost.* My heart goes with you to my love.  
well!—  
Relenting, shallow-thoughted woman!  
Enter RATCLIFF.

How now?—the news?

*Ratcliff.* Most gracious sovereign, on the western  
Rides a most powerful navy, and our fears  
Inform us, Richmond is their admiral.  
There do they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*Glost.* We must prevent him, then—Con-  
Catesby.

*Catesby.* My lord, your pleasure?

*Glost.* Post to the Duke of Norfolk, instant  
Bid him straight levy all the strength and power  
That he can make, and meet me, suddenly,  
At Salisbury.—Commend me to his grace—  
[E

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Well, my lord, what news have you gather'd?

*Stanley.* Richmond is on the seas, my lord  
*Glost.* There let him sink, and be the seas  
White-liver'd renegade!—what does he then?

*Stanley.* I know not, mighty sovereign.  
*Glost.* Well, as you guess?



*Stanley.* Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Mo  
He makes for England here, to claim the crown.

*Glost.* Traitor! the crown?

Where is thy power then to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

The foe upon the coast, and thou no friends to meet?

Or, hast thou march'd them to the western shore,

To give the rebels conduct from their ships?

*Stanley.* My lord, my friends are ready all i' th' No

*Glost.* The North! why, what do they i' th' North?

When they should serve their sovereign in the West?

*Stanley.* They, yet, have had no orders, sir, to mov

If 'tis your royal pleasure they should march,

I'll lead them on, with utmost haste, to join you,

Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

*Glost.* What! would'st begone to join with Richm

*Stanley.* Sir, you have no cause to doubt my loyal

I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be, false.

*Glost.* Away then to thy friends, and lead them on

To meet me—hold—come back—I will not trust thee

I've thought a way to make thee sure—your son,

George Stanley, sir, I'll have him left behind;

And look, your heart be firm,

Or else, his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stanley.* As I prove true, my lord, so deal with him. [

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*Ratcliff.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham

By sudden floods, and fall of waters,

Is half lost, and scatter'd:

And he himself wander'd away, alone,

No man knows whither.

*Glost.* Has any careful officer proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

*Ratcliff.* Such proclamation has been made, my l

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Catesby.* My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is tak

*Glost.* Off with his head!—so much for Buckingh

*Catesby.* My lord, I am sorry I must tell more new

*Glost.* Out with it!

*Catesby.* The Earl of Richmond, with a mighty po

Is landed, sir, at Milford?

And, to confirm the news, Lord Marquis Dorset,

And Sir Thomas Lovewel, are up in Yorkshire.

*Glost.* Why, ay, this looks rebellion—Ho! my ho

By Heaven, the news alarms my stirring soul!

Come forth, my honest sword, which, here, I vow,

By my soul's hope, shall ne'er again be sheathed!

Ne'er shall these watching eyes have needful rest,

Till death has closed 'em in a glorious grave,

Or fortune given me measure of revenge. (E

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*—Enter RICHMOND, SIR W. BRANDON, SIR R. BRACKENBURY, OXFORD, BLUNT, and others.

*Rich.* Thus far, into the bowels of the land,  
Have we march'd on without impediment.  
Gloster, the bloody, and devouring boar,  
Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,  
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd  
Its ripeu'd hope of fair posterity,  
Is now even in the centre of the isle,  
As we're inform'd, near to the town of Leicester  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march;  
And here receive we from our father, Stanley,  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement,  
Such as will help to animate our cause;  
On which, let's cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of a lasting peace,  
Or fame, more lasting, from a well-fought war. [*our men,*  
*Sir W. Brand.* Your words have fire, my lord, and warm  
Who look'd, methought, but cold, before—dishearten'd,  
With the unequal numbers of the foe.

*Rich.* Why, double them, still our cause would conquer  
Thrice is he arm'd that has his quarrel just; [*them.*  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:  
The very weight of Gloster's guilt shall crush him.

*Sir R. Brack.* His best friends, no doubt, will soon be ours.

*Sir W. Brand.* He has no friends, but what are such  
through fear.

*Rich.* And we no foes, but what are such to Heaven.  
Then, doubt not, Heaven's for us—let's on, my friends;  
True hope ne'er tires, but mounts, with eagle's wings;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—*Bosworth Field.*—Enter GLOSTER, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, &c.

*Glost.* Here pitch our tent, even in Bosworth Field:  
My good Lord Norfolk, the cheerful speed  
Of your supply has merited my thanks.

*Nor.* I am rewarded, sir, in having power  
To serve your majesty.

*Glost.* You have our thanks, my lord: up with my tent!  
Here I will lie to-night—but where to-morrow?  
Well, no matter where—has any careful friend  
Discover'd yet the number of the rebels?

*Nor.* My lord, as I from spies am well inform'd,  
Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

*Glost.* Why, our battalions treble that account,  
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,  
Which they, upon the adverse faction, want.

*Nor.* Their wants are greater yet, my lord—those of—

Of motion, life, and spirit.—Did you but know  
How wretchedly their men disgrace the field—  
Oh, such a tatter'd host of mounted scarecrows!  
So poor, so famished! their executors,  
The greedy crows, fly hovering o'er their heads,  
Impatient for their lean inheritance.

*Glost.* Now, by St. Paul, we'll send them dinners and ap-  
Nay, give their fasting horses provender, [parel!  
And after, fight them.—How long must we stay,  
My lords, before these desperate fools will give  
Us time to lay their faces upwards?

*Nor.* Unless their famine saves our swords that labour,  
To-morrow's sun will light them to their ruin;  
So soon, I hear, they mean to give us battle.

*Glost.* The sooner, still the better.—Come, my lords,  
Now let's survey the 'vantage of the ground—  
Call me some men of sound direction.

*Nor.* My gracious lord—

*Glost.* What say'st thou, Norfolk?

*Nor.* Might I advise your majesty, you yet  
Shall save the blood that may be shed to-morrow.

*Glost.* How so, my lord?

*Nor.* The poor condition of the rebels tells me  
That on a pardon offer'd to the lives  
Of those, who instantly shall quit their arms,  
Young Richmond, ere to-morrow's dawn, were friendless.

*Glost.* Why, that, indeed, was our sixth Harry's way,  
Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion.  
I'll be, in men's despight, a monarch; no,  
Let kings that fear forgive—Blows and revenge for me. [Ex.

SCENE III.—A Wood.—Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD,  
BLUNT, &c.

*Rich.* The weary sun has made a golden set,  
And by yon ruddy brightness of the clouds,  
Gives tokens of a goodly day to-morrow.  
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.  
Here have I drawn the model of our battle,  
Which parts, in just proportion, our small power:  
Here may each leader know his several charge.  
My lord of Oxford, you, Sir Walter Herbert,  
And you, Sir William Brandon, stay with me:  
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.

Enter OFFICER.

*Offi.* Sir, a gentleman, that calls himself Stanley,  
Desires admittance to the Earl of Richmond.

*Rich.* Now, by my hopes, my noble father-in-law!  
Admit him—my good friends, your leave a while.

Enter LORD STANLEY

*My honour'd father! on my soul,  
The joy of seeing you this night is more  
Than my most knowing hopes pretiaged—what news?*

*Stanley.* I, by commission, bless thee from thy mother,  
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:  
 The queen, too, has, with tears of joy, consented,  
 Thou should'st espouse Elizabeth, her daughter,  
 At whom the tyrant, Richard, closely aims.  
 In brief (for now the shortest moment of  
 My stay is bought with hazard of my life)  
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,  
 (For so the season of affairs requires)  
 And this be sure of, I, upon the first  
 Occasion offer'd, will deceive some eyes,  
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms,  
 In which I had more forward been ere this,  
 But that the life of thy young brother, George,  
 (Whom, for my pawn of faith, stern Richard keeps)  
 Would then be forfeit to his wild revenge.  
 Farewell! the rude enforcement of the time  
 Denies me to renew those vows of love,  
 Which so long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon.

*Rich.* We may meet again, my lord—

*Stanley.* Till then, once more, farewell! be resolute, and conquer. [Exit.]

*Rich.* Give him safe conduct to his regiment.—

Well, sirs, to-morrow proves a busy day;  
 But come, the night's far spent—let's in to council—  
 Captain, an hour before the sun gets up,  
 Let me be waked; I will, in person, walk  
 From tent to tent, and early cheer the soldiers. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Bosworth Field.*—Enter GLOSTER, RATCLIFF, NORFOLK, and CATESBY.

*Glost.* Catesby!

*Catesby.* Here, my lord.

*Glost.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
 To Stanley's regiment—bid him, fore sun-rise,  
 Meet me with his power, or young George's head  
 Shall pay the forfeit of his cold delay.  
 What, is my beaver easier than it was,  
 And all my armour laid into my tent?

*Catesby.* It is, my liege, all in readiness.

*Glost.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge!  
 Use careful watch—choose trusty centinels.

*Nor.* Doubt not, my lord.

*Glost.* Be stirring, with the lark, good Norfolk!

*Nor.* I shall, my lord.

*Glost.* Saddle White Surry for the field to-morrow.  
 Is ink and paper ready?

*Catesby.* It is, my lord.

*Glost.* An hour after midnight come to my tent,  
 And help to arm me.—A good night, my friends. [Exit.]

*Catesby.* Methinks the king has not that pleased alacrity,  
 Nor cheer of mind, that he was wont to have.

*Ratcliff.* The mere effect of business;

Ready to  
He smiling seems to  
Clapping his pamper'd sides to  
Then, with a motion swift and light as air,  
Like fiery Mars, he vaults him to the saddle;  
Looks terror to the foe, and courage to his soldiers.  
*Catesby.* Good night to Richmond, then; for, as I lie  
His numbers are so few, and those so sick,  
And famish'd in their march, if he dares fight us—  
He jumps into the sea to cool his fever.  
But come, 'tis late—Now let us to our tents;  
We've few hours good before the trumpet wakes us.

SCENE V.—GLOSTER'S Tent, in another Part of  
Field.—Enter GLOSTER, from his Tent.

*Glost.* 'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world  
Is in a lonely solemn darkness hung;  
Yet I, (so coy a dame is sleep to me)  
With all the weary courtship of  
My care-tired thoughts, can't win her to my bed;  
Though even the stars do wink, as 'twere with love  
I'll ferth, and walk a while—the air's refreshing,  
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay  
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.  
How awful is this gloom!—and, hark! from camp  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fixed centinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch;  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neigh;  
Piercing the night's dull ear—Hark! from the  
The armourers accomplishing the knights,  
With clink of hammer, closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation; while some  
Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,  
With patience sit, and inly ruminat  
The morning's danger—By yon Heaven, my  
Impatience chides this tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does liup  
So tediously away—I'll to my couch,  
And once more try to sleep her into morni

[Lies down; a  
Ha! what means that dismal voice? sure,  
The echo of some yawning grave,  
That teems with an untimely ghost—'tis p  
'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind,  
Forcing his entrance through some hollow  
No matter what—I feel my eyes grow he

KING HENRY'S Ghost r  
*K. Hen.* Oh! thou, whose unrelentin  
The hideous terrors of thy guilt can sha  
Whose conscience with the body ever

Sleep on; while I, by Heaven's high ordinance,  
 In dreams of horror wake thy frightful soul:  
 Now give thy thoughts to me: let them behold  
 These gaping wounds, which thy death-dealing hand,  
 Within the Tower, gave my anointed body:  
 Now shall thy own devouring conscience gnaw  
 Thy heart, and terribly revenge my murder.

LADY ANNE'S GHOST rises.

*Lady A.* Think on the wrongs of wretched Anne, thy wife!  
 E'en in the battle's heat remember me,  
 And edgeless fall thy sword!—despair and die!

GHOST of PRINCE EDWARD and the DUKE OF YORK rise.

*P. Ed.* Richard, dream on, and see the wand'ring spirits  
 Of thy young nephews, murder'd in the Tower.  
 Could not our youth, our innocence, persuade  
 Thy cruel heart to spare our harmless lives?  
 Who, but for thee, alas! might have enjoy'd  
 Our many promised years of happiness.  
 No soul, save thine, but pities our misuseage;  
 Oh! 'twas a cruel deed! therefore, alone,  
 Unpitying, unpitied shalt thou fall.

*K. Hen.* The morning's dawn has summon'd me away:  
 Now, Richard, wake, in all the hell of guilt!  
 And let that wild despair, which now does prey  
 Upon thy mangled thoughts, alarm the world.  
 Awake, Richard, awake! to guilty minds  
 A terrible example! [All the Ghosts sink.]

*Glost.* Give me a horse!—bind up my wounds!  
 Have mercy, Heaven! Ha! soft! 'twas but a dream.  
 But then so terrible, it shakes my soul!  
 Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;  
 My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror!  
 Oh, tyrant Conscience! how dost thou afflict me!  
 When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating;  
 I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:  
 I am but man; and, Fate, do thou dispose me!  
 Who's there?

Enter CATESBY.

*Catesby.* 'Tis I, my lord; the early village cock  
 Has thrice done salutation to the morn:

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*Glost.* Oh, Catesby, I have had such horrid dreams!

*Catesby.* Shadows, my lord!—below the soldier's heeding.

*Glost.* Now, by my this day's hopes, shadows, to-night,  
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
 Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

*Catesby.* Be more yourself, my lord: consider, sir,  
 Were it but known a dream had frightened you,  
 How would your animated foes presume on't!

*Glost.* Perish that thought!—no, never be it said  
 That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard!

Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain;

Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again!

Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse! away!

My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*A Wood.*—Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR W. BRANDON, SIR R. BRACKENBURY, BLUNT, SOLDIERS, &c.

Rich. Halt!

Sold. Halt!—halt!

Rich. How far into the morning is it, friends?

Sir R. Brack. Near four, my lord.

Rich. 'Tis well—

I am glad to find we are such early stirrers.

Sir W. Brand. Methinks the foes less forward than we thought them;

Worn as we are, we brave the field before them.

Rich. Come, there looks life in such a cheerful haste.

If dreams should animate a soul resolved,

I'm more than pleased with those I've had to-night:

Methought that all the ghosts of them, whose bodies

Richard murder'd, came mourning to my tent,

And roused me to revenge them.

Sir W. Brand. A good omen, sir.—[Trumpets sound a distant march.] Hark! the trumpet of

The enemy! it speaks them on the march.

Rich. Why, then, let's on, my friends, to face them:

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,

As mild behaviour and humility:

But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment;

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt

Shall be this body on the earth's cold face;

But, if we thrive, the glory of the action

The meanest here shall share his part of.

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;

Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully.

The word's St. George, Richmond, and Victory! [Exeunt.

Enter GLOSTER, CATESBY, &c.

Glost. Who saw the sun to-day?

Catesby. He has not yet broke forth, my lord.

Glost. Then he disdains to shine—for, by the clock,

He should have braved the east an hour ago.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me

More than to Richmond? for the self-same Heaven

That frowns on me, looks low'ring upon him.

Enter NORFOLK, with a Paper.

Nor. Prepare, my lord; the foe is in the field.

Glost. Come, bustle, bustle! caparison my horse;

Call forth Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power;

Myself will lead the soldiers to the plain. [Exit Catesby.

Well, Norfolk, what think'st thou now?

Nor. That we shall conquer—but on my tent,  
This morning early, was this paper found.



*Glost.* [Reads.] *Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.*

A weak invention of the enemy!

Come, gentlemen, now each man to his charge,

And ere we do bestride our foaming steeds,

Remember whom you have to cope withal;

A scum of Britons, rascals, runaways!

Whom their o'erloy'd country vomits forth

To desperate adventures and destruction.

*Enter CATESBY.*

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

*Catesby.* He does refuse, my lord—he will not stir.

*Glost.* Off with his son George's head!

*Nor.* My lord, the foe's already past the marsh—  
After the battle let young Stanley die.

*Glost.* Why, after he it then.

A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom:

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spar your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!

And thou, our warlike champion, thrice renown'd

St. George, inspire me with the rage of lions!

Upon them!—Charge!—Follow me!

[*Exeunt.*

*SOLDIERS driven across the Stage by GLOSTER, &c.*

*Glost.* What, ho! young Richmond, ho! the Richard

I hate thee, Harry, for thy blood of Lancaster! <sup>calls!</sup>

Now, if thou dost not hide thee from my sword.

Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,

And dying groans transpierce the wounded air,

Richmond, I say come forth, and singly face me!

Richard is hoarse with daring thee to arms!

[*Exit.*

*Enter CATESBY and NORFOLK.*

*Catesby.* Rescue! rescue! My Lord of Norfolk, haste!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger:

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:

Nay, haste, my lord!—the day's against us.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter GLOSTER and RATCLIFF.*

*Glost.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Rat.* This way, this way, my lord!—below you thicket

Stands a swift horse—away! ruin pursues us;

Withdraw, my lord, for only flight can save you.

*Glost.* Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die.

I think there be six Richmonds in the field!

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*Enter RICHMOND.*

Of one or both of us the time is come!

*Rich.* Kind Heaven, I thank thee, for my cause is

If Richard's fit to live, let Richmond fall.

[*thine!*

*Glost.* Thy gallant bearing, Harry, I could 'plaud,

But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier.

*Rich.* Nor should thy prowess, Richard, want my praise.



But that thy cruel deeds have stamp't thee tyrant,  
So thrive my sword, as Heaven's high vengeance draw:

*Glost.* My soul and body on the action, both!

*Rich.* A dreadful day, here's to decide it. [*Fight—Gt. f.*]

*Glost.* Perdition catch thy arm!—the chance is thin

But oh! the vast renown thou hast acquired,  
In conquering Richard, does afflict him more  
Than even his body's parting with its soul.  
Now, let the world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms; that, each heart being set  
On bloody actions, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

*Enter OXFORD, LORD STANLEY, and SOLDIERS,*  
*KING RICHARD'S Crown.*

*Rich.* Oh, welcome, friends; my noble father, welcome  
Heaven and our arms be praised, the day is ours!

See there, my lords, stern Richard is no more! [*th*]

*Stanley.* Victorious Richmond, well thou hast acquit

And see, the just reward that Heaven has sent thee:

Among the glorious spoils of Bosworth Field,

We've found the crown, which now in right is thine:

'Tis doubly thine, by conquest and by choice.

Long live Henry the Seventh, King of England! [*Trum*]

*Rich.* Next to just Heaven, my noble countrymen,

I owe my thanks to you, whose love I'm proud of;

And ruling well shall speak my gratitude.

But now, my lords, what friends of us are missing?

Pray, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Stanley.* He is, my liege, and safe in Leicester town,  
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

*Enter OFFICER.*

*Offi.* My lord, the queen, and fair Elizabeth,

Her beauteous daughter, some few miles off,

Are on their way to 'gratulate your victory.

*Rich.* Ay, there indeed my toil's rewarded!

Let us prepare to meet them, lords—and then,

As we're already bound by solemn vows,

We'll twine the roses red and white together,

And both from one kind stalk shall flourish:

England has long been mad, and scared herself

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood;

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son;

The bloody son, compell'd, has kill'd his sire.

O, now, let Henry and Elizabeth,

The true successors of each royal house,

Conjoin'd together, heal those deadly wounds!

And be that wretch of all mankind abhor'd,

That would reduce those bloody days again;

Ne'er let him live to taste our joy's increase,

That would with treason wound fair England's peace.

THE END.





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